THE

OLD COACHMAN.

A New Ballad.

To which is added,

LABOUR IN VAIN.

LONDON:

Printed for W. WEBB near St. *Paul's*. 1742.

[Price Sixpence.]

THE

OLD COACHMAN:

A New Ballad.

To which is added,

LABOUR IN VAIN.

LONDON:

Printed for W. Webb, near St. Paul's. 1742.

[Price Sixpence.]

THE OLD COACHMAN:

A New BALLAD.

I.

WISE *Caleb* and *C- - -t*, two Birds of a Feather,
Went down to a Feaſt at *N- - - s* together:
No matter what Wines, or what choice of good Cheer,
'Tis enough that the Coachman had his Doſe of Beer.
Derry down, down, high derry down.

II.

Coming Home, as the Liquor work'd up in his Pate,
This Coachman drove on at a damnable Rate:
Poor *C- - - t*, in Terror, and ſcar'd all the while,
Cry'd, "Stop! Let me out! Is the Dog an *Argyle?*"
Derry down, &c.

III.

But he ſoon was convinc'd of his Error; for, lo,
John ſtopt ſhort in the Dirt, and no further would go.
When *C- - - -t* ſaw this, he obſerv'd with a Laugh;
"This Coachman, I find, is your own, my Lord *Bath.*"
Derry down, &c.

IV.

IV.

Now the Peers quit their Coach, in a pityful Plight,
Deep in Mire, and in Rain, and without any Light;
Not a Path to purſue, nor to guide them a Friend;
What Courſe ſhall they take then, and how will this end?
Derry down, &c.

V.

Lo! Chance, the great Miſtreſs of human Affairs,
Who governs in Councils, and conquers in Wars;
Strait with Grief at their Caſe (for the Goddeſs well knew,
That theſe were her Creatures, and Votaries true:)
Derry down, &c.

VI.

This *Chance* brought a Paſſenger quick to their Aid.
HoneſtFriend, can you drive?---What ſhould ail me? he ſaid.
For many a bad Seaſon, through many a bad Way,
Old *O-f--d* I've driven, without ſtop or ſtay.
Derry down, &c.

VII.

He was once overturn'd, I confeſs, but not hurt:
Quoth the Peers, it was we help'd him out of the Dirt.
This Boon to thy Maſter, then prithee requite,
Take us up, or here we muſt wander all Night.
Derry down, &c.

VIH.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin,
Drove away for St. *James*'s, and brought them ſafe in:
Learn hence, honeſt *Britons*, in ſpite of your Pains,
That *O-f--d*, old Coachman, ſtill governs the Reins.
Derry down, down, high derry down.

Labour in Vain.

A SONG, an Hundred Years old.

To the Tune of MOLLY MOGG.

I.

YE Patriots, who twenty long Years
Have ſtruggled our Rights to maintain:
View the End of your Labours and Fears,
And ſee them all ended in Vain.

II.

Behold! in the Front ſtands your Hero,
Behind him his Patriot Train:
Hear him rail at a Tyrant and *Nero*;
Yet his Railing all ended in Vain.

III.

Then ſee him attack a Convention,
And calling for Vengeance on *Spain*:
What Pity ſuch noble Contention
And Spirit ſhould end all in Vain!

IV.

IV.

That the Place-Bill he got for the Nation,
Was only a Shadow, is plain:
For now 'tis a clear Demonſtration,
The Subſtance is ended in Vain.

V.

His bloody and horrible Vow,
Which once gave the Courtiers ſuch Pain,
No longer alarums them now,
For his Threats are all ended in Vain.

VI.

What though the Committee have found,
That *Or--d*'s a Traitor in Grain;
Yet wiſer than they may compound,
And Juſtice be ended in Vain.

VII.

How certain would be our Undoing,
Should the People their Wiſhes obtain?
Then to ſave us from danger of Ruin,
He has ended our Wiſhes in Vain.

VIII.

Then let us give Thanks and be glad,
That he knew how our Paſſion to rein,
And wiſely prevented the Bad,
By ending the Good all in Vain.

IX.

About *Brutus* let *Rome* diſagree,
We won't from our Praiſes refrain;
Our *Brutus* has more Cauſe than he
To declare even Virtue in Vain.

X.

Three Thouſand five Hundred a Year,
He valu'd it not of a Grain;
His Scorn of ſuch Filth is moſt clear,
Since that too he ended in Vain.

XI.

Corruption he hates like a Toad,
And calls it the National Bane,
Yet damn'd T - - -s, his Virtue to load,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

XII.

He rejects all Employments and Places,
And thinks ev'ry Penſion a Stain:
Yet T - - - - s, with their damn'd ſly Faces,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

XIII.

In ſpite of his Caution and Care,
To avoid the Appearance of Gain,
Say thoſe Tories, his Wife has a Share,
And all is not ended in Vain.

F I N I S.

30
56
JUN